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Kitchen Carols.

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E. D. REED.

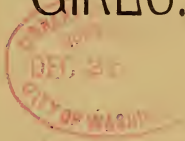
KITCHEN CAROLS

AND

GAMES FOR GIRLS.

BY

ELIZA DICKERMAN REED.



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BY

ELIZA DICKERMAN REED.

To my dearest dear I dedicate this little book, in this, the seventieth year of my life, and of our friendship the fifty-second.



WASHING DISHES.

We had a shallow tin pan about eighteen inches square, for a sink, a dish-pan, a pan for rinsing, a common towel, a fine one for glass, a dish-mop, a dish-cloth, iron-pot, tea-kettle, frying-pan, clam-shell, scrubbing-brush, and the necessary articles in table ware, in toy size.

We found it best to have but few of a kind, and to sing rather slowly, in order to get through in time. Three girls of ten played at once;—‘one to wash, one to wipe, and one to put away.’ This game was repeated by request till each had had her turn at the pan as the place of distinction.

WASHING DISHES.

Bring the soap, and sort the dishes;

We will hope to meet your wishes.

Two kinds of towels, two of pans,

Two of dish-mops to save your hands.

First, the glass,—wash with great care;

Nor let it pass till bright and fair.

The silver, then, must be put through,

And shines as when it first was new.

Pitchers milky, rub them dry,

With towels silky, and be spry,

Rinse the cups, lest you taste soap:

Saucers, too, you'll rinse, I hope.

Plates and platters, pots and pan;
 (Keep from spatters, if you can;)
 Take the shell, and scrape them clean,
 If not done well, it soon is seen.

Scour the dish-pan; make it shine;
 Sapolio can do best for mine.

Wash the towels every day:
 It surely is the easiest way.

Clean the sinks and wipe the table;
 Sometimes scrub it when you are able.
 Hang up the mop, hang up the pans;
 Before you stop, wash off your hands.

MAKING THE BEDS.

For this play, a small bedstead was provided, which was furnished with an underbed, a hair mattress, a cotton over-bed, sheets, a blanket, a quilt, a spread, a cheese-cloth, puff, and afghan, pillows, pillow-shams, and a doll's night gown; also four toy chairs. The under-bed was stuffed with fine husks, and made with a buttoned slit which could be opened for stirring up the husks.

The play began with an impromptu which we varied from time to time. One who represented the up-stairs girl took off the shams, and hung them over a chair; folded the spread and hung it over another; turned down the bedding a little way, laid

out the nightgown, made a pretence of lighting the gas and turning it down low, and retired.

Here we often sung the Evening Hymn, and then the Morning Hymn, followed by the song, —“Making the Beds.”

Two girls took their places on either side of the bed, putting two chairs at the foot. While they were singing the first verse, they stripped the bed, piece by piece, hanging each over the chairs, putting the pillows on the other two chairs, the over-bed over the head of the bed, and cocking the mattress in a pyramid.

At the second verse they began to make the bed, and soon grew so expert that at the end of the last verse, they gave a loving pat to the little nightgown which they admired very much, and turned with shining eyes to see that it was observed that they finished in good time.

MORNING HYMN.

(SUNG TO “JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.”)

Lord, we thank Thee that the night in

peace and safety passed away;

And we live to see the light in

health and strength another day.

Help us always to do right in

work and play, in home and school;

Help us find our great delight in

living by the Golden Rule.

Help us each to help the others,
 ready hands and willing feet;
 Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
 and whoever we may meet.

MAKING THE BEDS.

In the morning as soon as I get out of bed,
 When my face I have washed, and my prayers I
 have said,
 I open the window, and put out a chair,
 And spread out the bed-clothes and night gowns to
 air,
 That your sleep my be sweet, untroubled by care.
 The bedding and beds must have plenty of air.

REFRAIN:

Little girls to be strong, and rosy, and fair,
 Must be busy, and useful, and love the fresh air.
 When the beds are well aired, and are all fresh and
 sweet,
 We'll toss them, and turn them, and put on the first
 sheet;
 The smooth side goes up, and the wide hem at the
 top,
 Tucked in all around so it won't drag or flop.
 If the beds are of corn-husks, moss, feathers, or
 hair,—

It is all the same rule, give them plenty of air.

Little girls, &c.

Then the top sheet must have the smooth side meet
the other;

If you cannot guess why, you can just ask your
mother;

You tuck in the blankets, the quilt and the spread,
And turn them down smoothly a bit at the head;

You put up the pillows and put them on square;
To be puffy and sweet, they need plenty of air.

Little girls, &c.

Some folks put on shams to look nice through the
day,

But at bed-time they fold them and put them away;
And have a bright afghan rolled up at the feet;

But cheese-cloth is cheap, and looks pretty and neat;
So now I have sung you the song of the bed,

From bottom to top,—from foot to the head;

From the blankets and sheets to the pillows and
spread;

Your dreams will be sweet if you do as I've said.

LAYING THE TABLE.

For this game a friend gave us a small tea-set; and
another friend lent us the joy of her childhood,—a
china dinner-set that was sent to her from Paris.

Though minute, it was complete from tureen to coffee. We added a little glass, a table-cloth and napkins, and pewter knives, forks, and spoons. The table was a Babbitt's-Soap box, which a kind man sawed out so as to leave a leg at each corner. A doll's chair was slipped under at either side.

When laid country fashion,—with real bread, butter, jelly, pickles, meats, vegetables, coffee, milk, sugar, &c., it was an unceasing delight to the children and gave pleasure to some, who had once been children.

As each girl wished to lay the table, we usually began with two who made it ready while the rest of us sang the song. They were expected to whisk the the chairs into position as the last line was sung. Then they stood apart, looking anxiously from the table to the critics that stood around. Happy were they, if nothing was found to be forgotten or out of place.

They then cleared away, putting all in some sort of make-believe closet, which was sometimes an egg-box set on end, and sometimes a music-stand hastily emptied.

Of course, every girl wished to try if she could get through without mistakes, and all were deeply interested in each others attempts; so we went over it, again and again, till all had had their turn, when with reluctant sighs they put the dear little dishes in their proper places.

LAYING THE TABLE.

When we waiter-girls lay the table
 Just as well as we are able,
 I am sure you will be unable

With its arrangement to find any fault,
 For, oh dear, how it disgraces
 Us, when all are in their places,
 All look around with anxious faces,—

Some one says "I don't see the salt."

Hey diddle diddle,
 Put the fold in the middle,

The cloth must be smooth, and even, and white;
 Mats for the platters,
 For spots and for spatters,

The silver and glasses must be shining bright,
 Napkins for each one;
 Neatness to teach one,

Knives, napkins, glasses, all go to the right;
 Fork, spoon and butter,
 All go to the other;

Bone-plates are used by the very polite.

Knife and fork must be laid by the meat or
 fish;

The bread and the butter then neatly prepare;

Ladle and spoon must be put by the gravy-dish;

Fork or spoon for each dish that is there.

Nappies, if needed;

Don't leave unheeded

Cruets and salts, but fill them with care:

Get some fresh water,

My good little daughter;

Finally, put at each place the right chair.

THE WAITER-GIRL.

O, don't you think the waiter-girls should learn to
be polite?

To take things to you at the left, and from you at
the right?

Her hair is neat; she sometimes wears some dainty
little caps;

Upon her arm a napkin bears, which round her
thumb she wraps.

But Ophelia Ann goes bumpity bump.

In everybody's way;

Thumpity thump and clumpity clump,—

I must send that girl away.

The waiter-girl I like to see, knows how a table is
laid;

Who ever comes to lunch with me, I never am afraid.
Her shoes are soft, she gently goes about with
noiseless tread,

And everybody's wants she knows, and nothing
need be said.

But Ophelia Ann goes bumpity, bump,

She don't hear what you say;

And thumpity, thump, and clumpity, clump,—

I really can't have her stay.

The waiter-girl serves first the guest;—she knows
the usual rule,

Of 'ladies first' and then the rest; she learned these
things at school.

And if some one should chance to drop a fork, she
brings one clean,

And lays a napkin over a slop, so that it is not seen.

But Ophelia Ann goes bumpity, bump,

And knocks you with her tray;

And thumpity, thump, and clumpity, clump,—

I won't keep her another day.

IN THE KITCHEN.

For this dialogue we put out the egg-box as our kitchen closet, on the side of which hung the paper &c. mentioned. A candy-box represented the kitchen table, the tin pan did duty as sink, and a little cast-iron stove with its accessories, was the gem of the collection.

The cook had an imitation pie in a tin box-cover, with which she managed some very effective business. She also watched her pie, rubbed off imaginary spots on the stove, and filled up the time as cooks do.

IN THE KITCHEN.

[A DIALOGUE.]

Miss Mary:—O Bridget,—can I come down at 11 o'clock and make a corn-cake for dinner? The cook at Vassar makes perfectly delicious corn-cake, and I begged the rule from her.

Bridget:—Sure ye can come auny time ye like. It is your ma's own kitchen.

Miss Mary:—The cook we had when I was home last vacation was as cross as two sticks if I came in the kitchen. One day when I made some gingerbread, I am almost sure she let it burn just on purpose; and it was heavy in the middle, too.

Bridget:—"Baking is more than making," they

say; and you don't know what your cake will be till it is cold. It may be made all right, and baked all right, and get spoiled in the cooking. I have seen folks set cakes in an open window, and wrap their bread in a dish-towel,—Huh!

Miss Mary: How nice your stove looks. Mrs. Jones said her stove was always blacked once a day, and sometimes twice; so you must blacken yours three times, I suppose.

Bridget:---There is no need of that, if you wipe it off with a bit of newspaper, now and then; especially if you have been frying fish, or anything that spatters. Just wipe it off with a bit of paper, before the grease burns on, and it won't show a bit.

Miss Mary:—I let a lot of sugar boil over, once when I was making candy, and it made a dreadful mess.

Bridget:—If anything sweet or sticky boils over, just sprinkle some salt on it, and it will all clean right off.

Miss Mary:—O, if I had only known that! What are all those papers stuck up here for?

Bridget:—Well, the grocery paper is handy if you want to put down a pie, or anything that may have grease or black on the bottom. Then you need not scrub your table so often.

Miss Mary:—What is the newspaper for?

Bridget:—That is to rub off the grease with, when the fat spatters. If I think the cake will burn on the bottom, I put two or three thicknesses under it.

Miss Mary:—What do you do with the white bits?

Bridget:—I keep them to try the oven with. When your hands are tough with hard work, you cannot tell exactly. But you put in a bit of white paper, and if in five minutes it is dark yellow, it is right for bread and fine cake; if it is light yellow it is right for spong-cake and custards; and if it is light brown, it is fit for pies. But if it turns black---look out.

Miss Mary:—What do you do then?

Bridget:—Why, I wait awhile; or put a kettle of water on; or open the front; or put a cup of cold water in the oven, and put paper under the oven.

Miss Mary:—Now if you will tell me why you have these cheese-cloth dusters hanging up there, I won't ask you a single other thing.

Bridget:—They are not dusters; they are my oven cloths. I use them in taking things out of the oven. I don't take my apron or a dirty dish-towel;---no; nor a clean one, either. Cheese cloth is soft, and easily washed out when things slop over.

Miss Mary:—Thank you, Bridget, ever so much; I've learned a pile,---if only I can remember it all. I will come down at eleven o'clock.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEKS.

This makes a very pretty show when the real articles are used; or it may be played as a pantomime, with no 'properties' at all.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

AIR: "I've come to see Miss 'Ginia Jones."

I've come to see Miss Monday Jones; Miss Monday Jones:

I've come to see Miss Monday Jones,
And how is she to-day?

I'm washing.

I'm very glad to hear it, to hear it, to hear it,

I'm very glad to hear it; and what have you to say?

May I my soul make clean and white

As these my clothes will be to-night;

My reckoning prove as just and right

Upon the judgment day.

May every spot, and stain, and soil,

And every grimy trace of toil,

Fade from my soul, as when I boil

These clothes on washing day.

I've come to see Miss Tuesday Jones, &c.,

I'm ironing.

I'm very glad &c.

I smooth the wrinkles from my face,

Of pride and passion leave no trace,

All discontent and care efface,

Put envy far away.

I smooth out feuds and petty strife,

Smooth peace and patience in my life,
 For husbands like a cheerful wife
 Upon an ironing day.

I've come to see Miss Wednesday Jones, &c.,
 I'm mending.

I'm very glad &c.
 Such endless things there are to mend,
 That many a prayer to Heaven I send
 That He would pity me, and lend
 His help to mend my way.
 All have their faults; but if each one
 Her own particular sins would shun,
 We soon would see the millennial sun,—
 The world's great mending day.

I've come to see Miss Thursday Jones, &c.,
 I'm going to make calls.

I'm very glad, &c.,
 I make no calls for fashion's sake;
 I cannot afford the time to take;
 My waiting ones I cannot forsake,
 And I must haste away.
 O where's the book for my poor boy;
 His sisters, too, expect some toy;
 A cheerful word may bring some joy,
 Upon your calling day.

I've come to see Miss Friday Jones, &c,
I'm sweeping.

I'm very glad &c.,

I sweep the cobwebs from my brain,—

False, foolish fancies that have lain

Like dust upon a window-pane,—

I wipe them all away.

So shall my soul be clean and bright

To let in Heaven's own searching light,

And every wrong to sweep from sight,

In Heaven's great sweeping day.

I've come to see Miss Saturday Jones, &c.,

I'm cooking.

I'm very, &c.,

I must make something sweet and nice;

Kind words we'll have at any price;

And even friendly looks suffice

To coax sweet love to stay.

I'll put love in the pan of dough,

And in the ginger-bread, and so

It can't get out, but live and grow

Till the next baking day.

I've come to see Miss Sunday Jones, &c,

I'm going to church.

I'm very glad &c.,

O restful day, thou sure wast given
 To calm the souls by tempests riven;
 To teach the souls whom God has shriven,
 His life, His truth, His way.

O fearful souls, stand up,—be strong:
 Leave God to judge your grief and wrong;
 Take up a grateful, joyful song
 Upon His holy day.

THE MONTHS.

For a public occasion, the children should enter in order, dressed according to their season. The accessories are easily managed by any ingenious person, and the song should end with a grand tableau.

THE MONTHS.

[A Recitation.]

JANUARY.

'Happy New Year' lovely things has brought me;
 See the pretty dress, and hat, and nice warm
 gloves.

My dear mother has from childhood taught me
 That our Lord a cheerful giver always loves.
 I'll take this Tam O'Shanter, and these mittens,
 To that poor little girl who lives near here:
 They keep her poor red hand as warm as kittens;
 And we both shall have a glad New Year.

FEBRUARY.

Here comes Shorty—that is February;

O tell me what is there that I can do ?

At least I can look happy, and be merry;

Then others may feel glad and merry too.

It makes one's work go better if we are cheerful,

Bad spirits flee before a sweet child's song,

But children that are peevish, cross and tearful,

Make everything seem wretched, and go wrong.

MARCH.

See March sets everything all wildly blowing.

It snows, it rains, it hails,—all sorts of weather;

But out of sight the flowers still keep on growing:

The little birds are making plans together.

A little bee came buzzing in this morning.

Saying robins from the South were on their way.

In spite of bitter winds, new hopes are dawning;

For March is Spring; and Spring has come,— to
stay.

APRIL.

April, here you come in dripping showers;

It rains and shines, and shines and rains each day.

They say that April rains bring forth May flowers;

So rain, rain, you need not go away.

The birds on every tree and bush are swelling;
 The lily tips are peeping from the ground;
 Girls the joyful news are gladly telling
 Where adders-tongue and violets can be found.

MAY.

Bright May of all the months she is most busy,—
 Moving, cleaning, buying for Summer needs,—
 Paint and paper till your head is dizzy;
 Almost you forget the garden seeds.
 Put away the clothes you are not using;
 Wrap them up, put turpentine about;
 The moth has such a naughty way of choosing
 Your best clothes when he cuts his own clothes
 out.

JUNE.

Lovely June comes crowned with sweetest roses;
 June,—loveliest darling of the bright, glad year,—
 Every day she some new charm discloses;
 Every hour new buds and bloom appear.
 Now we plant our seeds in garden border;
 Now we put the house-plants out of doors;
 Set the stakes; put everything in order,
 And sweep the walks as smooth and clean as
 floors.

JULY.

Here's July! her fan in such a flurry;
 Mercury goes up, and collars down.
 Everybody rushes 'round in such a hurry
 To pack up and get off—out of town.
 Let us go before the Fourth and all its noise;
 Let us live out doors and grow quite strong and
 brown;
 Country life is sweetest for our girls and boys;
 Simple, honest hearts are better than a crown.

AUGUST.

Next comes August,—tired, hot, red and steaming,
 Limp and listless in the lifeless air,
 While the Summer sun burns on, so fiercely beam-
 ing,
 That man and beast sink down beneath the glare.
 But the thrifty housewife keeps on canning,
 From the pie plant to all sorts of berries;
 Looks proudly on the rows as she sits fanning,
 Of peaches, pears, grapes, quinces, crabs and
 cherries.

SEPTEMBER.

September comes with golden-rod and asters:
 Jack Frost, Jack Frost, what mischief hast thou done!
 Don't let me hear of many such disasters;
 Too soon 'the melancholy days have come.'

Still some brave flowers keep on their sturdy growing,
 ing,

Still fruit and melons load the heavy vans;
 Still purple clusters on the vines are glowing;
 And still the busy housewife fills her cans.

OCTOBER.

October, golden month of all the year;

Golden harvest-moon calm shining all the night;
 Golden fruit and golden grain in golden ear;

Golden days in golden forests now are here.
 In the gardens flame the flowers loth to leave us;
 In the wood the trees blaze out in red and gold;
 But the frost will come, and soon bereave us
 Of our flowers, and leave our garden bare and
 cold.

NOVEMBER.

November will on us then take some pity,

When trees are bare, and little birds have flown;
 When summer boarders have gone to the city,

She smiles with sunny sweetness all her own,
 Those balmy mornings,—soft and warm and hazy,—

When we hear the nuts a-dropping in the wood.
 The Governor gives no chance for being lazy;
 Thanksgiving comes with everything that's good.

DECEMBER.

December is the month of all most pleasing,
With its joys, forever old, forever new;
Childish longing, planning, working, hiding, teasing,
December days are all too short and few.
Giving others joy, we keep our own hearts young;
Making children happy, we forget to sigh;
With grateful hearts the evening hymn is sung;
We gently bid the year a soft "good-bye."

THE FRAGMENT GATHERERS.

This was the name of a little society. Their badge was of red satin ribbon, hemmed on the upper side and fringed on the lower, with the letters F. G. stitched in yellow silk. It was attached by a cheap gilt pin.

The 'properties' used in the play were oxalis and sedum in a discarded granite kettle, a footstool in shaded wools, work-baskets in orange cambric, crooked nails, a wall-pocket made of a straw hat, paper-weights made of pebbles, bits of colored cloth, stamps, old letters, stockings, and a patch.

These articles were distributed among the girls, and, as each article was mentioned in the song, the one who had it, waved it proudly aloft.

THE FRAGMENT GATHERERS.

We are little fragment-gatherers; we pick up, day
by day,
The odds and ends and trifling things that others
throw away;
We can grow the loveliest flowers in dilapidated
pans,
And make the nicest foot-stool out of old tomato-
cans.
We can make quite handy baskets out of rusty old
tin-pails;
We have even found a place where they are glad of
crooked nails.

REFRAIN:

We can make all sorts of useful things at very little
cost,
For we gather up the fragments so that nothing
may be lost.
We do not think there's anything we F. G's could
not use;
You cannot offer anything we F. G's would refuse:
A pretty pocket can be made of children's old straw
hats,
And little tiny scraps of cloth make very useful mats.

We pick up smooth round pebbles, when we see
one on the street;

They make just lovely paper-weights,—we dress
them up so neat.

We can make, &c.

We save up all the postage stamps, and all the let-
ters too,

And when it comes near Christmas, you will find
what we can do.

We can take the worn-out stocking, and put in new
heels and toes,

And set a patch and darn it in, so well it never
shows.

Some throw away and waste as much as other folks
can earn;

But “waste not, want not” is the word, and we
shall try to learn

How to make all sorts of useful things at very lit-
tle cost,

And to gather up the fragments so that nothing may
be lost.

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

This was a ‘Society Song’ of which further ac-
count will be found.

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Have you seen, my dutiful daughter ?

You would know her in a crowd,
For it was early taught her
Not to be rude or loud;
She never boldly stares
At the people that she meets,
With pert and saucy airs,
Nor is noisy on the streets.

REFRAIN:

Her voice is low and sweet,
She is always clean and neat;
When this dear girl you see,
O kiss her twice for me.

Have you seen my dutiful daughter ?

She sweeps and dusts for me,
And no one ever caught her
A-dawdling lazily;
For when she works, she works;
And when she plays, she plays;
She never slights or shirks,
Or has any deceitful ways.

Her voice, &c.

Have you seen my dutiful daughter ?

Her merry voice is heard,

Like the sound of 'laughing water,'

Or some gay and joyous bird,

As to the baby she sings;

Or she sings, as she sits and sews,

Of flowers and lovely things,

And all the hymns that she knows.

Her voice &c.

Have you seen my dutiful daughter ?

You may quite believe she is nice,

For whenever for aid I sought her

I never had to call twice;

She came so willing and quick,

With,— "What do you wish me to do?"

And such a sweet nurse when I'm sick,

I certainly never knew.

Her voice, &c.

Have you seen my dutiful daughter?

At church or Sunday School?

She says that every one ought to

Live by the Golden Rule.

She tries, as we all can see,

Each day of every seven,

A dutiful daughter to be

To "Our Father which art in Heaven."

Her voice, &c.

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS

The badge of the society was of blue satin ribbon hemmed at one end and fringed at the other, with the "D. D.," stitched in yellow silk. The pins were blue and gilt or gilt.

OPENING EXERCISE.

What do we mean when we call ourselves 'Dutiful Daughters?'

We mean every day to ask God to help us to honor and serve our parents on earth, and "Our Father which art in heaven."

Why ought we to do this?

Because it is commanded in the Bible.

Can you repeat the commandment?

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Also, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul; this is the first and great commandment.

What is the color of our badge?

Blue; because it the sign of innocence and truth.

Why are the letters gold color?

To remind us that we should live by the Golden Rule.

What is our flower?

The Double Daisy.

What is our motto?

Don't Desert.

What is your Bible text?

"Let everything be done decently and in order."

THE CARELESS GIRL.

I once knew a little girl, her name we will not tell;
She thought she could do everything, but she did
nothing well;

She never stopped to scrape her shoes, or wipe them
at the door,

But brought in all the sand and mud upon the
school room floor;

CHORUS:

Till the teacher often said "O don't do so;
Is that the way you ought to do? O no, no, no;
You should do right in little things, for, don't you
know,

That, as the little twig is bent, the tree will grow?

She hurried in because 'twas late, nor stopped to
shut the door,

And hung her hat so carelessly it dropped down on
the floor;

Her apron was not in its place, and so she went
without,

Or lost her time and temper too, in looking all
about.

Till the teacher, &c.

At noon she screamed and raced about, and played
 with such a noise,
 You thought it could not be a girl, but must be
 men or boys;
 In her sewing she was careless, and had to take it
 out,
 And that she did not like to do, so she began to
 pout.

Till the teacher, &c.

But by and by this little girl said,—‘I just made
 up my mind to
 Leave off the foolish careless ways, I am so much
 inclined to;
 I mean to do each bit of work exactly as I ought to,
 And sweep and dust and sew my seam just as I have
 been taught to.

And the teacher never says, &c.

HEPHZIBAH.

(MY DELIGHT IS IN HER.)

My love is like the roses,
 So bright, and fresh, and sweet;
 My heart in her reposes
 With confidence complete.

I know she will not fail me,
 I know she is pure and good;
 And words will not avail me
 To make it understood,

REFRAIN:

How there is to me no other,
 And cannot not be another,
 So sweet and bright as heart's delight,—
 The girl that helps her mother.
 She is blithe and gay as birds in May,—
 That girl that helps her mother,—
 And every day I truly say,—
 That girl that helps her mother,—
 There is to me no other, there cannot be another,
 So sweet and bright as heart's delight,—
 The girl that helps her mother.

Her little cotton dresses
 Are always whole and clean;
 No tawdry gilt-glass ear-rings
 In her pretty ears are seen.
 She knows a girl's best jewel
 Is a pure and modest heart;
 She knows Death is less cruel
 Than Satan's tempting art.

REFRAIN:

To me there is no other,
And cannot &c.

Some day my girl is going
To be promoted higher,
With Heaven's roses growing,
Where lessons never tire.
With smiling ones to teach her
All sorts of lovely things,
Vexations cannot reach her,
And pleasure has no wings.

REFRAIN:

But now there is no other,
And &c.

PEACE.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and scold, and fight.

CHORUS:

Sisters, then, and brother,
Love one another,
All help each other;
God will help the right.

In peace with all the world we'll live,
Nor let our anger burn,
But when we suffer we'll forgive,
And good for ill return.
So we'll forgive and we'll forget,
And hush each angry word,
Unkindness shall with love be met,
And ill o'ercome with good.

CHORUS: Sisters, &c.

CHRISTMAS.

A RECITATION.

When Santa Claus comes down the chimney,
I wonder what the old dear will bring me;
If I should ask him would he hear me?
That funny old fellow, Santa Claus?
They say his sleigh comes up the roofs,
Dragged by reindeer with silver hoofs;
If I saw any tracks I should think they were proofs
'Twas that jolly old fellow, Santa Claus.

His beard is white, his hair is gray,
 His clothes are all made of fur, they say,
 He comes after dark, and is gone before day;
 A queer old fellow is Santa Claus

His curly hair is all in a crinkle,
 His merry old eyes are all in a twinkle,
 His rosy old cheeks are all in a wrinkle;
 Such a comical sight is old Santa Claus.

He is covered all over with pockets and bags.
 Trimmed with toys all around, like tassels of bags,
 Crammed with dolls, dogs and donkeys, and little
 Jack nags;
 So you scarcely can see poor old Santa Claus.

He has so much to do that he drives like two-forty,
 In a wink he can tell all the good from the naugh-
 ty,
 He won't leave the naughty ones anything:—ought
 he?

No; an honest old fellow is Santa Claus.

Some say Santa Claus is father or mother,
 Some say they know it is sister or brother,
 Some think he is—O ! some one or other,
 For they never saw any old Santa Claus.

Some children are always too awfully wise;
 Lots of things we never have seen with our eyes;
 I've seen many people as much a surprise —
 As ever could be our old Santa Claus.

For my part, I try to believe what I'm told;
 May he stuff all our pockets as full as they'll hold;
 Sometime, perhaps, when we've grown real old,
 We'll find out all about that old Santa Claus.

THE MONKEY AND THE BEAR.

A RECITATION.

I happened once to hear
 A fable rather queer,
 That admits of a wide interpretation;
 Of a monkey and a bear
 Who walked out to take the air,
 And enjoy a little friendly conversation,

 Mr. Monkey turned his head,
 And to the bear he said,
 With airs and grimaces without measure.
 "I've never had a chance
 To see you in a dance,
 Dear Bruin, pray afford me that great pleasure."

The bear with softened growl
That bordered on a howl,
Protested he could never cut a caper.

“My size—my weight—my feet—”
But Pug with accents sweet,
Insisted they were slender as a taper.

Poor Bruin then began,—
Like many a silly man,—
To think that, perhaps, it might be true.
“At least,”— says he, “I’ll try;
Indeed, I’m sure that I
Can do as well as he could ever do.”

So Bruin then arose
Erect upon his toes,
While his paws dangled stiffly down before;
He jumped from side to side,
While Monkey sat astride
Of a limb, and cried out “Encore.”

Poor Bruin’s strength was spent,
But still each new attempt
Pug hailed with a shout of pleased surprise;
While his paw above his chin
Could scarce conceal the grin,
While laughter peeped from both his wicked
eyes.

This Bruin soon perceived;
 And angry, shamed, and grieved,
 Exclaimed, as he sank upon all fours,—
 “Ah! better is the blame
 Of one of honest name,
 Than the praise of all the apes on Congo’s shore.”

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This game was arranged to amuse some little blind children, but it can be played by any set of children, in any place, and with any sort of trappings.

We played it out of doors. . . It had the advantage of taking in the dull ones, little ones, invalids, cripples, and such as are usually left out of games requiring quickness or skill.

By changing the parts around, they did not tire of repeating it over and over.

A lame child officiated as CLOCK, and slowly gave out the hour by twelve strokes upon a tin pan. Mr. YEOMAN-PORTER, with a red shawl disposed about him as a long cloak, marched out carrying conspicuously several bunches of house-keys tied together.

He was accompanied by the WARDEN bearing a tin dinner-pail which did duty as lantern.

They marched stiffly up to a corner of the yard assumed to represent the MAIN GUARD-HOUSE, and called out, "Escort KEYS!"

Six Privates, known by a piece of blue braid tied around the arm, headed by a SERGEANT with a red silk handkerchief as his badge of office, came out of the GUARD-HOUSE and followed the YEOMAN-PORTER, leaving six PRIVATES behind with the OFFICER of the GUARD, who was decorated with a gilt-paper cap.

At intervals along the fence, SENTRIES were stationed, armed with feather dusters. As the procession came opposite each one, the SENTRY challenged with dignity,—“Who goes there?” The YEOMAN-PORTER answered, “KEYS.”

Having thus passed all the SENTRIES, they halted at a portion of the fence agreed upon as the TOWER GATE, and with a great jingling of keys it was locked, and with considerable shoving of imaginary bolts it was assumed to be barred. A similar jingling and shoving represented locking the Wicket.

Then they went back in the same order; but after the challenge by a SENTRY, and the answer “KEYS,” the SENTRY demanded,—“Whose KEYS?” to which the YEOMAN-PORTER replied, “Queen VICTORIA’S KEYS.”

Thus they arrived once more at the MAIN-GUARD-HOUSE. Here the SENTRY, giving a loud stamp with his foot, called out,—“Who goes there?”

“KEYS.”

“Whose keys!”

“QUEEN VICTORIA’S KEYS.”

“Advance Queen Victoria’s keys, and all is well.”

“Long live Queen Victoria.”

All including the OFFICER of the GUARD and the six PRIVATES, cried “HURRAH!”

The OFFICER of the GUARD then gave the order,—“PRESENT ARMS!” and kissed the head of the poker,—that is,—the hilt of his sword.

Finally, the YEOMAN-PORTER marched alone across the Parade, and left the keys in the lodging of the LORD LIEUTENANT, in this case represented by a small child curled up on a bulk-head door.

They were much interested by the fact that they had been going through a mimic representation of what is really done every night; a ceremony which dates back to the time of William the Conqueror.

A table bell, a real lantern, a real clock, and such small military trappings as may be found in almost any house where there are children, might make it a more showy play; but it could hardly be more diverting than with the extempore make-shifts often necessary.

Disliking to hear children use sacred words in a careless manner, I substituted, "Long Live Queen Victoria!" for the formula actually in use, and found the "HURRAH!" a convenient safety-valve for overflowing spirits.

By increasing or diminishing the number of Privates and Sentries, it can be made to fit any collection of children; and, if necessary, a dummy can officiate as LORD LIEUTENANT.

MULTIPLICATION CALISTHENICS.

- | | | |
|----|-----------|---|
| 2 | times &c, | Fists from hips down. |
| 3 | " " | " " shoulders out. |
| 4 | " " | Finger-tips meet behind, and arms thrown back. |
| 5 | " " | Arms alternately thrown up. |
| 6 | " " | Fingers fixed at breast, and shoulders thrown back. |
| 7 | " " | Hands at waists, and throw back elbows. |
| 8 | " " | Strike ribs with fist. |
| 9 | " " | Arms swing forward and back. |
| 10 | " " | Rotate wrists and clap. |
| 11 | " " | Move fingers in succession. |
| 12 | " " | Hands up and down from wrists. |

Each movement is repeated three times for each line, with the accent and motion on the numbers, with a double pause at the third or last, as will be found necessary when the number is more than one syllable as:

Two times one are two;—

MAXIMS AND MOTTOES.

One Keep-clean is better than two Make-cleans.
 A place for everything and everything in its place.
 A time for everything and everything at its time.
 LOOK UP—AND NOT DOWN.
 LOOK FORWARD—AND NOT BACK.
 LOOK OUT—AND NOT IN — AND LEND A
 HAND.

Constitution and By Laws of the GIBBONS FAMILY.

CONSTITUTION.

Make your wants few, and live a day at a time.

BY LAWS.

Keep out of debt, and do not borrow trouble.

THE HOUSEHOLD A. B. C.

A, is for Animals who look for their corn
 As soon as the daylight appears in the morn.
 B, is for Bible to read ere we pray
 For the help that we need in the work of the
 day.
 C, is for Cheerfulness, a sweet, happy face,
 And a kind word for all; which makes home a
 bright place.

- D, is for Dishes that next must be made
Bright and clean for the next time the table is
laid.
- E, is for exercise making the beds,
Air them, and square them, and tuck in the
spreads.
- F, is for fussiness, for fretting, and fuming,
Over matters too small for the time they are
consuming.
- G, is for Geography and lessons each day,
That are thoroughly learned before going to
play.
- H, is for Hair that should neatly be brushed;
For the House, and the Home, where rude
sounds should be hushed.
- I, is for Industry, which, if we have not,
We shall live like the sluggard and perish for-
got.
- J, is for Justice we all ask of each other;
And with justice give mercy to each sinful
brother.
- K, is for knowledge we all need to gain;
Which by steadfastly seeking we all may obtain.

- L, is for Lamps that are trimmed in their turn,
That their light, like good deeds, ever brightly
may burn.
- M, is for Manners that surely will show
Your mind, and your morals, and what you
don't know.
- N, is for Neatness, which, if we neglect,
To be pleasant to others we cannot expect.
- O, is for Order,—each thing in its place;
To live in confusion is surely disgrace.
- P, is for Punctual, which if we are not
The train will go off, ere we reach the spot.
- Q, is for Quiet, which all sometimes need;
Quiet dress-quiet ways-make the lady indeed.
- R, is for Rudeness, which all should avoid;
Be polite and be patient, however annoyed.
- S, is for Sweetness, which cannot exist,
Where selfishness on its own way will insist.
- T, is for Truth, which, if we are without
We must be from Heaven forever shut out.
- U, is for Unselfishness, which, beginning in love
To God and our neighbor, ends in Heaven
above
- V, is for Vigilance; take heed and beware,
Lest you heedlessly fall into some evil snare.

- W, is Work, well and faithfully done
In His Name, who has worked since the worlds
were begun.
- X, is for Excuses which seldom atone
For the duty undone and the heedlessness
shown.
- Y, is for Youth which flies swiftly away;
Spend it well, as you'll wish you had when
you are gray.
- Z, is for Zeal, which is the pure fire
Of earnest conviction, leading higher and
higher.

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET.

In a certain school, the children learned a letter a day; and sometimes begged to be taught two.

Sometimes the text was printed on the black-board, so that they could study it during the day, but after that, it was expected that when a card showing that letter was held up, the whole school would respond promptly with the proper text.

It was found to be useful as a moral agent. To hold up "E," for example. brought out, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Each child was led at once not only to square his own conduct, but

to be a sort of police force in respect to his neighbors.

A 'little d' was a hint seldom disregarded.

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET.

A.

A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye love one another.

B.

Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.

C.

Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me.

D.

Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips and a deceitful tongue.

E.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

F.

For the ways of a man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings.

G.

God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

H.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but
whosoever confesseth and forsaketh them,
shall have mercy.

I.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that
giveth to all men liberally and upraideth not.

J.

Jehovah will abhor the man of blood and deceit.
Jehovah my God will enlighten my darkness.

K.

Know you not that your body is the temple of the
Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have
of God? And ye are not your own.

L.

Let your conversation be without covetousness, and
be content with such things as ye have; for
He hath said I will never leave thee nor for-
sake thee.

M.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the
Lord delivereth them out of them all.

N.

Not every one that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord' shall
enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he

that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven.

O.

Order my steps in Thy law, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

P.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.

Q.

Quicken me after Thy loving-kindness; so I shall keep the testimony of Thy mouth.

R.

Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him; fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,—because of him who bringeth evil devices to pass; for evil doers shall be cut off.

S.

Study to show thyself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

T.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished.

U.

Unto the righteous there ariseth light in the darkness.

V.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my words he shall never see death.

W.

Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

X.

Exhort one another daily while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

Y.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day. The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

Z.

Zion heard and was glad;—the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of Thy righteous judgment, O Lord.

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET.

FOR THE SMALL LETTERS.

a.

And be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ sake, has forgiven you.

b.

But godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and having food and raiment let us be therewith content.

c.

Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

d.

Do all things without murmurings and disputings.

e.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

f.

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of
Christ; that every one may receive the things
done in the body, whether it be good or bad.

g.

Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay
down his life for his friends.

h.

He that hath my commandments and keepeth them,
he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth
me shall be loved of my father, and I will
love him, and will manifest myself to him.

i.

In God have I put my trust; I will not fear what
man can do unto me.

j.

Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what
judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.

k.

Keep me from the hands of the wicked; keep me
from the snares they have laid for me.

l.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord
pitieth them that fear Him.

m.

Moreover, if thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell his fault between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

n. .

Now we exhort you, brethren, warn the unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

o.

Only let your conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ; that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs; that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel, and in nothing terrified by your adversaries.

p.

Put not your trust in princess, nor in the son of man in whom is no help.

q.

Quit you like men; be strong. Quench not the Spirit.

r.

Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them that are evil entreated as being yourselves also in the body.

S.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the
door of my lips.

T.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell
in the land, and verily shalt thou be fed.

U.

Unless Thy law had been my delight, I should have
perished in my affliction.

V.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth
hath everlasting life.

W.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage and He will
strengthen thy heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

X.

Examine yourselves whether ye are in the faith;
prove your own selves.

Y.

Yea, a man will say, Thou hast faith, and I have
works; show me thy faith apart from thy
works, and I by my works will show thee
my faith.

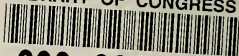
Z.

And Jehu said, Come with me and I will show you
my Zeal for the Lord.





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